Missiskoui Standard.

Let Justice preside and Candour investigate.

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POETRY.

From the Maine Wesleyan Journal.

THE TEMPTER.

' Come, taste the cup—'twill cheer thy heart,
And banish thy regret;
'Twill steal the sting from memory,
And cause thee to forget !'

—' Cease, Tempter, cease thy siren voice,
Thy wily arts forbear,
Tho' sparkling is thy cup, I see
A serpent coiling there !'

' Thou fool, thine eye doth play thee false—
The cup is bright and fair—
Drink of the same, it hath a spell
To drive away thy care !'

' Cease, Tempter, cease, thy arts are vain—
My vision is not dim—
Besides the serpent coiled beneath,
There's poison on the brim !'

' Thou fearful one ! canst thou not see ?
How clear and pure its flow ?
Take but a sip, 'twill prove to thee
An antidote to Woe !,

' Cease, Tempter, cease—can I not see ?—
Tho' sparkling on the top,
Like corpse-lights flashing o'er a grave,
Death lurks in every drop !'

' Thou timid one ! hast thou *no* strength ?
Thou dar'st not take *one* sup !
A balm it is for ills of life—
Here—take the flowing cup !'

—' Cease, Tempter, cease—I will not drink,
'Tis liquid misery ;
Within that goblet's rosy depths,
An early grave I see !'

'Tis false—this cup contains pure joy,
Confers pure happiness,
Restores the lightness of the heart
When heavy cares depress !'

—' Tempter, begone !—I spurn the snare,
There's poison in thy breath,
I loathe thy presence as a curse,
Thy cup is full of death !'

And the tempter quailed before the youth,
And turn'd enraged away ;
For he found his bosom cased in truth,
Too strong to be his prey.

Encompass me, thou child of heaven,
Fair truth ! be thou my shield ;
O may like power to me be given,
To make the tempter yield !

THE BRIDAL OF BORTHWICK.

BY M. D. MOIR.

(Concluded.)

It may easily be supposed what effect this disclosure had on the heart of the young knight, for never, till that moment had he been aware of the existence of such an greement ; and he knew too well the character of old Lord de Borthwick to conceive him capable of jesting on such a subject. He was completely overtaken unawares, and at a loss what to think ; for however rash he might deem his parent for having become a party to such an unnatural agreement, yet did he hold his memory in such reverence, as to reckon any act of disobedience on his own part not only unallowable, but sacrilegious. Then rose the fair Lilian to the eye of his mind ; and he was tossed in a sea of troubles. Could he think of abandoning one so beautiful in form, and so pure in heart ; whose affections he had wooed, and won ; and who was willing to leave all, and follow his fortunes ! He wist not what to think, for well he knew, that, backed by the whole host of his relations, Lord de Borthwick would call upon him to redeem the pledge which had been sacredly given. So when, next morning, he bade farewell to the party of the old baron, at the gate facing towards his town of Ormiston, he shook him cordially by the hand, saying, 'would to Heaven our discovery of yesterday had been made to me somewhat earlier, my lord ; nevertheless I shall endeavor in all things to conduct myself as becometh a real and spotless knight ; and, as in all things I have been solicitous to follow the dictations of him who hath gone to a better world, so far as honorably in me lies, his will in this matter shall not be forgotten.'

Chafed in his mind, and depressed in spirit, finding it impossible to reconcile the contest between honor and duty that now followed, it is easier to imagine the state into which the gallant young knight was thrown. A few restless days and almost phrenzied nights passed over him, and driven to the verge of despair, he at length determined to unbosom himself to Lilian, and abide by her decision, whatever that might be. On the one hand, he was called upon to ratify the paction of a father whom he tenderly loved in life ; whose memory he revered, and whose wishes commanded his most implicit regard ; but to verify the old adage about 'the course of true love,' &c. these wishes could not be fulfilled without doing violence to his most deeply-cherished feelings, & injustice to her with whom he had exchanged vows of mutual affection, and whose loveliness and virtue tended so greatly to enhance the magnitude of the sacrifice.

No sooner, however, was the noble hearted, Lilian made aware of what had been disclosed, than she heroically forestalled in his application ; and whatever the resolution might have cost her, bore up against the threatened troubles, & suffered not her sorrows to appear. She wrote to him a long epistle, conjuring him, by the sincerity of the love he had once professed, to cherish hope no longer—to forget that such a being as herself existed, and faithfully to obey the sacred duty he owed to the memory of his beloved parent. 'In me,' she added, 'you might have found an humble follower of your fortunes, but not such a wife as the high blood of Seaton calls for, and your merits claim. Think not of it—think not of me one moment longer. Unless you consider my nature to be as base as my origin is obscure...unless you wish me to believe that Sir David Seaton can prefer his own selfish gratification to the high and holy commands ratified by the honor of a parent, and entailed on him as a sacred duty to obey, you will see me no longer, nor venture to delude mine ear or your own heart with vain sophisms. The die is cast. Farewell, forever ! Let our next meeting be in heaven. While I live, my prayers for your welfare and happiness shall duly ascend ; and when I die, I shall,—'tis the only earthly recompence I demand,—I shall expect that you shed a single tear into my closing grave.

'For the last time, farewell, farewell ! and remember this, that had you not been true to the injunctions of your father, you never could have been true to me. Should you consider my poor loss as at all a sacrifice, console yourself with the truth that filial piety demanded it. Secure from the tumults of the vain world, my days (and may they be few !) will glide over in peace and, from thoughts dedicated to Heaven, the only earthly claim will be my prayer that Sir David Seaton and the wife of his bosom be happy and prosperous !'

Terrible was the struggle between love and duty in the bosom of our hero and had the extremest danger that ever mortal heroism encountered been sufficient to have given him a chance of extricating himself from his difficulty, most gladly would he have encountered the peril. But, on the one side lay his heart and vow ; on the other an obligation which his holiest feelings shamed him to disregard. The dead could not arise to cancel his command ; but the living had heroically left him, not only free, but had strenuously urged its fulfillment. What could he do ? After allowing his heart to be almost rent asunder, he at length submitted to the solicitations of his relatives, and, may it be added, of his still too dear Lilian ; conscious of the awful sacrifice she was making for his sake in voluntarily devoting her blooming years to a heartless nunnery ; and that in ratifying his father's paction, he was sacrificing all his chances of earthly happiness, by uniting himself to woman he had scarcely ever beheld.

V.

It is a hard thing to go a wooing against the will, and to make those lip professions which the heart has little share in. But circumstances reduced Sir David Seaton to this dilemma ;—and after having paid formally due courtesy to Margery the elder daughter of the house of Borthwick, marriage matters were soon arranged, the, bridal-day appointed, and magnificent preparations made for celebrating the union of two such powerful families. Could credit be attached to traditional report, such a display of grandeur and magnificence had seldom been witnessed in this country ; many of the nobility, with suitable attendance convening together in honour of a joyous festival, from remote quarters ; lord, lady, waiting page, guard and squire of low degree, bedizened out in all the extravagance of the times, with gold on gown and doublet, down even to the bits of their bridle-reins, and the housings of their saddles. So that for some days anterior to the expected ceremony, arrival after arrival caused the halls of Borthwick to overflow, and added to the cheer of wine and wassail.

On the arrival of the cavalcade in attendance on the bridegroom, the whole party sat down to a grand *dejeune*, in which, according to the fashion of the times, more substantial viands were mingled with rich wines, delicious, and lighter articles of fair and remained at board till near mid-day, the appointed hour of the marriage-ceremony, which was to be performed in the chapel of the castle by the holy abbot of Seaton, who had accompanied his relative and patron.

Attended by the ladies of the party, Lady de Borthwick had previously to this retired, to observe that every thing had been fittingly ordered, and to exhibit her magnificent arrangements. The admiration of all was, however, particularly elicited on surveying the decorations and furniture of the bridal chamber. The walls were gorgeously covered with the finest tapestry, and the floors were carpeted with stuffs of the most superb Turkish manufacture. Censers, full of the most rare exotics, distributed their incense around ; and the hangings of the couch were pure satin, looped up with tasselage of gold. In short, nothing could be added, even in fancy, to the superb magnificence of the place, which resembled more the enchanted bower of an oriental tale than a habitation destined to be occupied by two beings inhaling the breath of frail mortality. So the maidens and waiting-women who stood lining the passages, as old Lady Jemima and her train passed along, expecting praise for this tasteful exertion of their handywork, and, peradventure, from her guests, were not baffled in their expectations : but, in a few moments, a wild scream summoned the whole posse to attendance on their mistress.

And what, it will be asked caused this so sudden alarm in the old lady ? It was this :...on pulling aside the silken curtains of the couch, to display an embroidered coverlet, in which her maternal pride especially delighted, she beheld, spread over it, the identical bandekne, or eastern mantle, which was around the shoulders of her little Lilian, when she had disappeared forever ! She could not mistake it, for its peer was gracefully to be found within the three Lothians ; having been brought from Constantinople by a Jewish merchant, on order of Queen Magaret, by whom it was presented to Lady de Borthwick, as a birth-gift at the baptism of her younger daughter. Externally it was of the finest scarlet velvet, starred over with gems and gold ; and, on the inside, lined with furs of the rarest.

Alarmed at this sudden inexplicable indisposition of their hostess, the ladies crowded around her, and supported her from sinking on the floor, by bearing her away to a seat.

'What is the matter, what is the matter ?' eagerly inquired they all, as they hung around her unlacing her bodice, and throwing open the casement for fresh air.

'The mantle, the mantle !' was all she was able to exclaim ; and then fainted away.

'It was I,' said a stranger, stepping forth from the band of maidens, and putting aside the white veil in which her head and shoulders were shrouded. 'Oh heavens ! what have I done. In my simple way, I intended a peace-offering, and, lo ! I have bro't anguish.' The eyes of the whole group were instantly turned upon her. Never had any one beheld a countenance more radiantly beautiful...and no one had ever seen it before.

Lilian had always known that her fate was wrapped in darkness, but she had long since given up the hope that the mystery of her origin was ever to be developed. She was now, however, as one on whom a meteor-light flashed at midnight ; and she felt as if the moment had arrived when the riddle was likely to be solved. But let us turn a little back, & account for the unexpected appearance of the fair foundling at this time and place.

VI

Nature is above all ; and, though its dictates may be stifled they can never be eradicated for in them we live, and move, and have our being. Lilian was doomed to acquiesce in the truth of this apophthegm, when, in the solitude of the convent she heard of the day fixed for the union of the houses of Borthwick and Seaton. In the enthusiasm of her passion, she had reckoned on having nobly subdued all selfish considerations, and triumphed in the resolution which had taught her to sacrifice the chances of her own happiness at the shrine of the man she loved Though yet but on the verge of womanhood, with a sunshining world beckoning to enjoyment, she had acquired fortitude enough to let herself be shut out from its pleasures ; 'but surely,' thought she to herself, 'now I know that I am to him as I had never been—that the marriage day is fixed, and the heart and hand of Sir David Seaton is devoted to another,—it may be allowed me for a moment to look on the happiness I cannot share, and call a silent blessing down on the bridegroom and his bride.' When the heart is willing to be led, slender is the sophism that will convince it ; and, satisfied with the purity and innocence of her motives, the seemingly stoical, but in sad truth disconsolate Lilian, secretly bade adieu to the walls of Coldinghame convent ; and by such a bribe to the hand maidens of Borthwick as her slender means admitted, she gained access as an assistant in the preparations for the marriage-ceremony. She had arrived on the evening before ; and when, on the morning of the bridal, the last finishing was given to the gorgeous chamber, she lingered for a moment behind the rest, and, dashing aside a hasty tear, spread out above the coverlet her magnificent childish mantle—'twas all on earth she had to give—and departed.

All that she now lingered for was a parting glance at the happy pair, before she shut out the world and its feelings from her for ever ; when the incident happened which led to this digression.

'It was I,' said Lilian, stepping modestly forward, almost trembling at the notice she had drawn upon herself, and at the turbulence of emotion she had excited without knowing how.

'And, in Heaven's name, who art thou ?'—asked Lady de Borthwick, recovering from her swoon, as she anxiously rose from her chair, and came forward to scrutinize her features. 'It must be, —it must be she,' she exclaimed. 'I see —feel—know it all. The same bright flaxen hair, the same bright blue eyes, the straight nose, and the small mouth, of the line of de Borthwick. It is...my own dear long-lost Lilian !' & with these words, in an agony of parental tenderness, she rushed forward, and threw her arms around her neck, as she clasped her to her bosom.

The news spread like wild fire through the castle, and all were electrified to hear that, in one of the bower-maidens, Lady de Borthwick had discovered her long-lost child. It was no time for ceremonials, and there was a general rush of exultation towards the bridal chamber ; nor among the last was Sir David Seaton, from whose cheek the sunshine even of a bridal day had been scarcely sufficient to drive the clouds.

'Where is she...where is my affianced sister ?' said he, as he made his way through the crowd. Lilian was at that moment standing with her back towards the entrance door, and the tone of his voice thrilled through every nerve, making her feel as if she could have sunk into the earth for agitation and delight ; but as Sir David stepped forward to embrace her, she turned half round, lifted up her eyes, and her look indicated what could not be expressed.

Ancient romancers would have called in some mysterious operation of the laws of nature to assist the lovers on such an occasion ; but if, like Niobe of old, Sir David was not actually metamorphised into a statute, it may of a verity be declared that he looked like one.

He stood absorbed in amazement, his brain whirled round, and all about him seemed but the phantasma of a perplexing dream. *At* length, heaving a deep sigh, and leaning his brow on his hand,...

'*Ah* ! Lilian, Lilian,' he said, 'how unworthy am I of thy regard or commiseration. Thou hast rescued me from a gulph of perdition and disgrace ! Had my regard to honor been as pure as thy affection has been devoted, less had been my compunction and self-abasement at this hour.—*As* it is, for the regard I bear, and have born to thee, I will live single, or wed none other. I have tarnished the fair name of Seaton, and will leave this land for ever !'

If the astonishment of the group had been formerly great, it was now carried to an inexplicable pitch ; for not only was the acquaintance of Sir David Seaton with the fair stranger acknowledged, but his love for her also made manifest....How matters should terminate was not quite so plain.

'Not so fast,' exclaimed Sir Gregory de Murry, when Sir David had made an end of speaking ; 'Heaven orders all things for the best, though man is oft-times so forward in thwarting its purposes ; and, in this matter, let us acknowledge the interposition of a particular providence. I trust the occasion will prove one of unmingled enjoyment to all ; and that those who have been united in heart shall now in hand be also united. But let us adjourn from this scene of confusion to the hall.'

When all the party were arranged around Sir Gregory de Murry in the hall, he continued his address. He said, that 'with all due respect to the living and the dead, he could not but consider the affiancing of children, yet unborn, as at best unnatural, even though dictated by the best and purest motives ; as, though hands might be in their power to bestow, it did not follow that they could transfer hearts along with them.'

'My Lord and Lady de Borthwick,' he added, turning to and addressing them, 'when after wooing the affection of your fair daughter Margery, I sued for her hand, your courteous answer informed me, that had not this obstacle stood in the way of our alliance, none other could have possibly obstructed it. Luckily, it is now in our power to rectify such an unfortunate mistake.—That obstacle is now removed. Though, wo's me, my fair cousin hath come forward to-day decked out as the bride of another, I can forgive, nay, admire this exertion of filial duty ; and if still I hold respect in the eyes of my once plighted, and still too dear, fair friend—'

'Nay, hold, more than enough my gallant knight.' said old Lord de Borthwick, 'I have felt deeply, trust me, the injustice of depriving you of your lady love, and my daughter of the object of her choice. But the long-plighted vow—how could I get over it ? Thanks be to Heaven, that has not only afforded a remedy, but the restoration of my long-lost child. Margery, come forth, my sweetest, and acknowledge if you are dissatisfied with the change.' Margery was handed forth, but a deep blush was her only answer, and not an ineloquent one.

Sir David Seaton then gallantly stepped forward, and taking hold of her hand, placed it within that of Sir Gregory de Murry. 'I have been the unfortunate, though, I assure you, unsuspecting cause of an impending union which I pray Heaven to bless. To you, Sir Gregory, I relinquish all claims.—I resign the hand, and the heart something tells me you have already won.'

The abbot of Seaton was now summoned in to proceed with, what he had no expectation of, a double ceremonial, which he confessed seemed brought about as by an especial interposition of Providence.

'Thanks, holy father,' said Sir David, 'for your kind good will.' Then, turning towards Lady de Borthwick, he added, 'But, my Lady de Borthwick, I fear you will reckon me cruel.—You have but now recovered a long-lost child, and I would, even on the instant, deprive you of her. What says mine own injured Lilian ?'

Lilian said nothing, but casting her eyes on the ground, let silence tell all that was necessary.

At the altar of the little chapel stood a double pair ; and over the shoulders of Lilian her mother threw the scarlet mantle, which was destined to have exercised such remarkable powers over her fortune, saying....

'With that scarlet mantle I lost a daughter, and now...'

Sir David Seaton concluded the sentence by adding,—

'By that same scarlet mantle I have won a bride.'

A single gentleman in London, who lived at the temple, one day missed half a dozen shirts which he had worn the week before ; he could not fix the theft on any but his washer woman, whom he accused before a justice. The magistrate being his friend, and knowing him to be possessed of a singularity not unfrequent with studious dispositions, requested him before committing the woman, to answer a question or two.

'Pray, sir, have you found this woman guilty of such an action before ; or have you any particular reason for suspecting her now ?'

'She has served me honestly for a long time, but I miss the shirts ; and as she alone has unlimited access to my linen, I know no other way they could be lost but by her taking them.'

'How often did you change your linen last week ?'

'Every day as usual.'

'Take the trouble if you please, to examine what you have on.'

The gentleman did so ; when, to the astonishment and entertainment of all present, it was discovered that he had on six shirts, having forgotten to take them off when he put on clean ones.

A country pedagogue having the misfortune to have his school-house burnt was obliged to remove to a new one, here he reprimanded one of his boys who misspelt a number of words, by telling him he did not spell as well as when he was in the old schoolhouse. 'Well, tomhow or nother,' said the urchin, with a scowl, 'I can't ethactly git the hang of this here new school-house.'

Truly Original.—A few days since a lady stepped into a shoe store, and asked for her bill,—which being presented a pair of '*Boy's Shoes*' was charged, which she did not understand. 'Those were worn out by my boy, in going for your bill ma'am.' 'Please give credit,' said the lady, 'for one pair of Girl's shoes, worn out in running after them !' 'Tis done, ma'am,' was the reply ; and thus a long *running* account was settled.

For the Telegraph.

GILBERT TUTTLE,

OR THE ADVENTURES OF A TOBACCO CHEWER.

Chapter First.

My history is rather a melancholy one. I have had to deal with Dame Fortune oftener in her angry than her amiable mood, and whatever of good luck has fallen to my lot, is rather an exception to a general rule than the rule itself. And yet, dear readers, I am not one ye would call a pensive or sorrowful being, abstracting himself from the merry makings of social life, and walking in dark and solitary spots. Nay, nay, I hold him to be an utter fool who prefers the crag, and the vale, and the cave, to the haunts of the gay and the beautiful. And when I chance to see one, making such places his resort, I immediately conclude either that he takes a pride in being deemed of sombre temperament (for there is a vanity of this kind extant on the earth,) or that it hath befell him to be debared from the pleasure of the world by his misfeasances aforetime. True, and this history will prove it so, the earth and the things therein have used me full meanly on the whole; but still I am far from being disposed to turn my back, on cities and civilization, and seek, as anchorites, are wont to say, 'a kindlier home and purer enjoyment in the unpoluted and unsophisticated bosom of nature.' Albeit maltreated, and in many instances atrociously maltreated, I show a bold front to my abusers, & smile amid their malignant buffetings.

'*Summa placidum caput extuit unda.*'

When men kick me over, I gather myself up from my prostration, straightway betake myself to the side of some fair friend, and chat away the recollections of my misfortune. There's philosophy in that. What boots it to rave and howl and pass sleepless nights and meanless days over one's grievances? It brings no redress, and gives no revenge. We only grow lean, & become laughing stocks without obtaining a jot of that satisfaction for which we crave. A wight that makes up wry faces at the Godess of Lot and Luck, for some unwelcome dispensation of her caprice, gets but a poor bargain for his pains; and finds after his futile scheme of vengeance is fairly tried, that the object of his grimaces has been all the while unconcernedly and complacently plying her wheel. Who yet ever has and who hereafter ever will budge a barley corn from the line that Doom has shadowed forth before him? Who, begotten of Adam, can disengage himself from the straight jacket wherewith Destiny begirt him in his cradle? What agency abides beneath the sun, whose finger can change a line in the misty and adamantine volume of the future? Ye answer none. What then, is the profit of murmuring at ills foreordained to us, and why complain against a Power, whose despotism is based upon the pillars of Heaven, and to which all past time has acknowledged vassalage.

Thus reasons Gilbert Tuttle, and his life presents no angles to his precepts. Few I ween have had harder usage from men and things, and still there is not one of a thousand that can say they have had more laughs or louder laughs than him. He hath taught his cachinnary propensities to angle for fun in every thing, and answer the most beggarly witticism with a roar. On the other hand, it hath been his aim to dry up in his soul the pools of grief so far as in him lay. He hath instructed his sensibilities to put their fingers in their ears at every announcement of mishap, and twirl their thumbs in indifference when the shafts of woe fell thickest about him. In this wise, he partially remedies the faults of his destiny, and effects an artificial equilibrium between his aches and his enjoyments.

I opened this chapter with the averment that my history was a melancholy one. And ye, 'my dukedom to a beggarly dernier,' ye would take me to belong to that fortunate class of dogs, who never see a cloud or a billow in their whole voyage of existence. Go to a party, and who cracks more jokes than Gilbert Tuttle—such as they are, for I am now regarding quantity not quality. Peep into a recess and who sips his wine and sups his oysters with a look of more genuine comfort than Gilbert Tuttle? In short, go where you please, and you will be sure to find Gilbert Tuttle's spirits reposing on the cushion of contentment. Egad, a proper man that Gilbert Tuttle! and right wisely does he demean himself under the vicissitudes of his earthly pilgrimage.

If ye follow to the close of these chapters albeit, I fear that the band of readers who now start out with me will look back at the close like the war-worn and weary remnants of Bonaparte's campaign to Russia—if, I say, ye persevere to the end, ye will probably be regaled with more than one account of dire disaster and foul mischance. And yet I do not mean that this work shall leave ye over sad. Should ye chance to weep, believe me, the fit of grief shall not long abide upon ye. For so will I intersperse and blend the tragic and comic features of my life, that neither may be allowed to reign singly over your susceptibilities.

On the morn of the seventeenth of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and one, there was a great uproar in the little village of Paris. Years had glided away without disturbing the quiet of that place. It was emphatically an [illegible] ly along in the tracks of their fathers, and making but slight ado about the excitements and tumults that grieved the world around.

But on the day above referred to, the long stagnant and slumbering pool was stirred from its bed, eyes that for a quarter-century had betrayed no emotion, flashed with sudden vivacity, the laziest tongues waxed expeditious—the male part of the population resolved themselves into squads along the side walks of the principal street, and might be seen with heads bobbing and arms swinging in animated dialogue, while the matrons and maids of the town were similarly occupied around the fireside or the spindle. Eventually some incident of no common interest had broken in upon the even tenor of Parisian life; a graceful banquet for starving gossips and a fresh stimulant for languishing discourse. Do ye wot what it was? No more nor less than the birth of the wight who now brandishes his goosequil for your edification, with the image of a Dutch pipe marked directly upon his forehead and a tobacco box beside it. Ye no doubt have often heard of triple births and double headed calves, but rarely I ween do ye hear of a babe born with a Dutch pipe and a tobacco box on his frontal bone.

From the Quebec Mercury.

Though by no means desiring a union of the Canadas, and far from anticipating those benefits which its more sanguine supporters conceive must be derived from such a measure, we have no objection to open our columns to the free discussion of a subject, which it may yet be deemed necessary to resort to, for allaying the long continued dissentions by which this province has been torn. It is a favorite cry with one English paper, especially devoted to the Clique interests in Montreal, that '*Our neighbors have their eyes upon us.*' We are glad of it, for there are persons who have a sense of decency, without any stronger incentive to well-doing, who are generally a little careful when they know their actions are before their neighbors: as the disaffected press in this province is apt to calculate largely on the desire entertained by the United States to possess themselves of the Canadas, it may not be amiss to copy the remarks of a leading New York Journal, *The Evening Star*, upon the 'Affairs of Canada' in which, at the outset, such a project is distinctly, and for sufficient cause, disclaimed. The plan of Union for the two Provinces which the *Star* has sketched, though by no means perfect, has in it the remarkable feature, that the Elective principle, in the Constitution of the Legislative and Executive Councils is not introduced, but the appointments are left to the nomination of the Governor, subject to approval by the Crown.—This, let it be recollected, is from a staunch republican, who at least has made himself sufficiently acquainted with the population of these provinces, to see that they are not yet prepared for the exercise of the elective principle, and perhaps. from occurrences in his own land, has had his faith somewhat shaken as to the beneficial results derived in his own country from carrying out of this same pet project of our patriots, the Elective principle:—

'Affairs of Canada.—The growth of what is called 'free principles,' together with the powerful influence of the French party and many local causes of disquietude, still keep Upper and Lower Canada in a state of excitement. Sometime ago a bill was passed by one of the Houses of Upper Canada allowing aliens and non-residents to hold a certain quantity of land, but that bill never reached the Legislative Council. It was probably deemed inexpedient to open the door to an influx of American settlers, who, in time, would acquire an influence and control in the colonies, such as we complain of foreigners having already obtained in this country.

It is very evident that in legislation as well in the organization of parties, and the extent of power and authority in both provinces, an eye of some little anxiety is cast towards the United States. The French party is anxious to preserve their ancient rights secured by the treaty. The French and English party are anxious to maintain the supremacy of the Crown and their own principles: a portion of both parties, particularly in Upper Canada, are friendly to a union with us, and there is another portion of each of these parties friendly to a free and independent republic in the event of a separatien from the mother country.

'All uneasiness and apprehensions that may be remotely entertained relative to the interference or influence of the United States in the affairs of Canada, should be at once banished from the mind of every man engaged in the work of reform.—Our country is already too large—combines too many conflicting interests and jarring claims; is, by its existing extent and future prospects, tending to swell the power of the general government too alarming to cast our eyes on more conquests or to covet new possessions. Our safety consists in Canada remaining as it is—in the possession of a government capable of protecting it against evil counsellors and speculating politicians amongst its own subjects, and of carrying out of a system of commercial intercourse beneficial to both countries.

'We cannot cast our eyes on the fertile and productive lands of Upper Canada, the best grain country on earth, nor look to the productions of both provinces in ashes, furs, lumber, &c. without wishing that all uneasiness, apprehensions and jealousies towards the Americans might be at [illegible] allayed. It is the interest of both na-[illegible] a close and friendly commercial and trading intercourse, and it would be exceedingly advantageous to Canada to have a portion of the capital and enterprise of this country thrown into both provinces, wherever mutual benefits could be secured, or new interests developed. It is therefore the policy of the United States, and we wish it to be so understood by our neighbors, to cultivate a friendly and cordial good feeling between the two countries, founded only on mutual interests, and with no ulterior views to any closer political connection than that which at present exists.

'With this declaration, there may be no impropriety in a little friendly advice as to the best means of producing tranquility and union of sentiment and action in Canada—burying all animosities, settling conflicting claims, and developing the true interests and resources of that valuable territory.

'The first and most important step, we are inclined to believe, would be the *union of the two provinces.* We can see no good policy in having two separate and distinct Governments in one single and continuous possession. On the contrary, there are many local causes of jealousy and adverse interests which operate to the prejudice of both, as they now stand. The following synopsis strikes us, *Americans*, as being the most expedient and judicious for the interests of all concerned:

'1. Upper and Lower Canada to be united under the name and form of The Canadas, including all the boundaries and possessions claimed by both provinces, and under the control of a Governor and Commander in Chief, to be appointed by the Crown.

'2. The Canadas to be divided into counties, and the ratio of representation to be governed by the population of each; and each county to elect a certain number of delegates to the House of Commons, to be freeholders, and to be elected by freeholders.

'3. A Legislative Council (or Senate) to consist of not more than thirty-two members taken from eight districts into which the province may be divided, to be nominated for life by the Governor and Commander in Chief, and confirmed by the King.

'4. An Executive Council or Cabinet, to consist of the Heads of Departments, who shall be his offical advisers.

'5. The Judiciary to consist of a Chief Justice and Chancellor, to be appointed by the King, and a certain number of puisne judges to be nominated by the Governor and Council; the Chief justice to have a seat but not a vote in the Legislative Council.

'6. All the seigniorial properties, rights, and rights of primogeniture, and religious principles, as secured to the French population of Lower Canada by the treaty of Quebec, and the conditions of alliance to the British Crown, to be confirmed, secured and made perpetual.

'7. A seat of Government to be fixed upon as nearly in the centre of the province as possible.

'8. All the income from the clergy reserves to be applied to the support of district or common schools—for the endowment of colleges, and the benefit of education, without reference to sects or denominations.

'This is the form of government required for the colony or British possessions in the Canadas, and not the form of government for a republic, yet sufficiently approximating, as may be required by the interests and tranquility of a territory held by the Crown.

'The French party in Canada has been exceedingly sensitive at the least infraction of the rights secured to them by the conditions of the original cession, and the English party is desirous that some of these rights should be curtailed, which are inconsistent with the enlightened character of the times. There is no doubt that very great privileges were secured to the *Canadians*, when they surrendered that country to the British, which the uniform good faith of the English Government should always hold sacred. The French party is, no doubt, honest and loyal, but less enlightened than the English party; the union of the provinces, however, which makes their interests one and indivisible, amalgamates and unites the people—carefully secure the privileges of all by fair representation, with protection to property and religious rights, extending the benefits of education and the speedy administration of justice, will make *Canada* a powerful, tranquil and prosperous province.—*N. Y. Star.*

Interesting fact.—A correspondent of the American furnishes the Editor with the following interesting statistics:

'The cities of New York and Brooklyn, and the village of Villiamsburg and Jersey city, according to the recent census, contains a population of three hundred thousand souls. This number of persons on the foregoing estimates, would daily consume one thousand five hundred barrels of flour, or seven thousand six hundred and fifty bushels of grain; and in one year, five hundred and fifty-eight thousand four hundred and fifty barrels of flour, or in grain two millions seven hundred and ninety two thousand two hundred and fifty bushels. Now it is stated on authority which has never been called in question, that the distilleries in the places above mentioned consumed at least ten thousand bushels of corn and rye daily, or three millions of bushels yearly, besides the immense quantities of nutricious grain destroyed by the breweries. Astounding therefore as is the fact, fellow citizens, it is now demonstrated that the distilleries and breweries in this city and vicinity destroy more grain, created for the purposes of sustenance, than would suffice for the support of the entire population.

Genuine Sympathy.—We were much pleased with the relation of an incident which occurred among our neighbors on the opposite side of the Niagara, a day or two since. The friend of a worthy man, who lost nearly all his property a short time ago by fire, was soliciting donations at a public house for the unfortunate sufferer. The bystanders were very liberal in their *professions* of commiseration, and the exclamations, 'I am sorry!' 'I am very sorry!' resounded from various quarters of the room—when a benevolent gentleman, who stood looking on in silence, and *felt* that sorrow which others only expressed, put the pithy question of 'How *much* are you sorry, gentlemen? I am sorry twenty dollars!' and he immediately put his hand in his pocket and handed over the '*shiners.*' We are not informed whether the bystanders followed his example, but should think they could hardly resist so powerful an appeal to their *sorrowful* feelings.—*Lewiston Telegraph.*

Horrible consequences of intemperance.—On Sunday evening an Irish laborer and his wife, who reside in 71st street, got themselves so drunk, that while they were sitting at the fire, the woman let her child, about four months old, fall from her lap into the fire, and neither she nor her husband was able to extricate it until in was too late. The agonizing screams of the little unfortunate caused a lodger in the house to run into the room, who beheld the beastly father of the poor child endeavoring to raise it from the flames, but so completely prostrate was he with liquor, that the child was literally roasted alive before he succeeded in taking it from the fire.—*Jour. of Com.*

A very extensive traffic has been carried on in this District during the present winter, in the purchase of cattle by the citizens of the United States. In the course of last week we are informed that no less than three hundred head of cattle passed through this town for the American shore. We learn that the chief object of the purchasers is to supply the farmers of the wide region called the Black River Country, and of the rich and fertile grazing farms in the vicinity of Utica, where much labor and attention is bestowed upon the rearing of extensive dairies. Another great object in purchasing of lean cattle at this season of the year is to fatten them.—*Kingston Chronicle.*

Dreadful Accident.—After the firing in the town was over on Wednesday evening, a few persons insisted on taking the gun up to the heights to fire a salute in honor of Mr. M'Nab. Unfortunately those who understood the management of the gun, did not go with it, and a young man, named James Thompson, a native of Ireland, and a carpenter by trade, who undertook to load the gun, was killed. Through some mismanagement of the vent, the piece went off when the unfortunate man appears to have been in the act of ramming home. His right arm was blown off below the elbow, to a distance of about thirty yards, and the thumb of the left hand was picked up next day at a considerable distance from the fatal spot; but the injury which proved fatal was inflicted on the chest, either by the wadding or the force of the air.—The deceased was about thirty years of age, and has left a wife and child.—*Hamilton Express.*

Present Aspect of Babylon.—Though no antiquary as I have said, I determined in my mind that I was passing along the walls of Babylon. Many fragments of bricks were lying among the sand, some marked with the character I noticed in Hillah. All was barren around; although at some distance where the waters were shallowest, I could see the grass peering above them. By the walls I had found a dry road to the base of the huge shapeless mound on which the tower is placed; its circumference is estimated at little more than seven hundred yards; a narrow way divided it from a still larger and more irregular heap, upon the side of which stood, facing the tower, a small mosque—if the Dervishes, to whom these memorials are erected, lived on the spot where the tombs now stand that are to be seen over the remains of Babylon, they selected well for the abandonment of the world: more forlorn spots could scarcely be found, for, in the Great Desert even, there is a verdure and flowers...here all is utter misery. On the height of the first mound stands a well built tower, of something less than forty feet high. Such an erection in modern days would excite admiration for its workmanship; with what astonishment must it be viewed in the supposition that its age exceeds four thousand years. Huge heaps of bricks lie about, melted into solid masses, as if by the action of fire, and the whole mound on which the pillar stands is covered with fragments of well baked bricks; and this is the temple of Bolus, it is said, or the Tower of Babel. At any rate, be it what it may, it stands on the plain of Shinar, where Babylon once stood; and most completely, as my eyes wandered over the scene of desolation, did I feel the truth of the fulfilment of the judgments pronounced upon her; yes, 'Every one that goeth by Babylon shall be astonished.'—*Major Skinner's Overland Journey.*

A man of Business.—Benjamin Rathbun, the great Buffalo defaulter and forger, publishes an address to the public, occupying five and a half columns in one of the large papers of that city, relative to his business and its unfortunate termination. Amongst other matter! he gives a statement of his agents, overseers, foremen, &c., from which he appears to have employed in his various operations, 11 general agents; 9 superintendents; 46 foremen; 1 measurer of lumber; 1 teller; 2 book-keepers; 1 paymaster of mechanics; 5 head clerks, and about 40 under clerks. Under these superintendents, &c. he had in his employ about two thousand operatives; and he states his daily disbursements to have been not less than 10,000 dollars.—There is scarcely a branch of business of any kind, in which he was not largely engaged; besides which he kept four of the largest stores in the western country—two dry goods, of the carpets and one of groceries, provisions, hardware, &c. in each of which he had from 6 to 9 clerks.

Anecdote.—La Feyette made me laugh with a story which he said the English officers had told him of General Knyphausen, who commanded the Hessian mercenaries in 1776. This officer, a rigid martinet, knew nothing of the sea, and not much more of geography. On the voyage between England and America, he was in the ship of Lord Howe where he passed some uncomfortable weeks, the fleet having an unusual long passage, on account of the bad sailing of some of the transports. At length Knyphausen could contain himself no longer; but marching stiffly up to the admiral one day, he commenced—'My Lord, I know it is the duty of a soldier to be submissive at sea; but, being entrusted with the care of the troops of his Serene Highness, my master, I feel it my duty just to inquire if it be not possible that, during some of the dark nights we have lately had, we may have sailed past America?'—*Cooper's Residence in France.*

Comfort....'Ah!' said John Bull to a Frenchman—'you haveno such word as comfort in your language.' 'I am glad of it,' replied the Gaul—'you Englishmen are slaves to their comforts, in order that you may master them.' There is some truth in this reproach. Perpetually being enabled to live comfortably, we sacrifice every comfort in the acquisition of a fortune, in order that when we have obtained it, we may have an additional discomfort from our anxiety to preserve or increase it. Thus do we 'lose by seeking what we seek to find.' On the other hand, we may find a comfort where we never looked for it; as for instance, in a great affliction, the very magnitude of which renders us insensible to all smaller ones. Comfort, in our national acceptation of the word, has been stated to consist in those little luxuries and conveniences, the want of which makes an Englishman miserable, while their possession does not make him happy.

Progress of Tea-Drinking.—The Town Council of Inverness a century ago would have delighted Cobbett, by their decided preference of ale over teas. The use of this plant in our good town seems to have been viewed by the civic rulers with distrust and dislike. They held meetings and drew up petitions to impose a prohibitory duty on tea, and a penalty on those who should use the seducing poison, 'if they belonged to that class of mankind in this country, whose circumstances do not permit them to come at tea that pays the duty.'—The Town Council books exhibit various entries and resolutions on this subject; and it is surprising to find the enlightened Provost of the burgh, Duncan Forbes of Culloden also join in the outcry against tea. 'The cause, says he, of the mischief complained of, is evidently the excessive use of tea; which is now become so common, that the meanest families, of lobouring people, particularly in burghs, make their morning's meal of it, and thereby wholly disuse the ale, which heretofore was their accustomed drink; and the same drug supplies all the labouring women with their afternoon's entertainments, to the exclusion of the twopenny.' The tea however, was destined to triumph over the twopenny; and this not only in the burghs, but in all parts of the country; not a hamlet in the wildest part of the Highlands but has some small shop for vending the precious plant—not a steam-boat leaves the Clyde for Inverness, but is freighted with packets of it to leave along the rugged shores of the West. The progress of tea, as has been happily remarked, was something like the progress of truth; suspected at first, though very palatable to those who had courage to taste it; resisted as it encroached; abused as its popularity seemed to spread; and establishing its triumph at last, in cheering the whole land, from the palace to the cottage, only by the slow and resistless efforts of time, and its own virtues.—*Inverness Courier.*

CONSTANTINE.

The following details of the history of the city of Constantine will be found to possess some interest at the present moment:

'Constantine, the ancient Cirtha, is a town three times as large as Algiers, and surrounded with strong walls 35 feet high.

It was founded by the Carthagenians, and owed both its numerous population and likewise its various embellishments to the long reign of Massanissa. It first brought into subjection the Massœsylians (Strabo, 17—Pliny), who cultivated the fruitful plain of Hamsah. Scipio Emilinus enlarged the kingdom of Massanissa and of Micipsa, his son in law, by the addition of the valley of Bagrada (the present Megerda), when it took the name of Numidia. It was desolated by the rivalry of Marius and Sylla, the exactions of the Roman Proconsuls, and afterwards by a civil war. Hiempsal, conquered by Cæsar, at Thapsa, with Cato and Labienus, lost a part of his kingdom.—Cirtha alone remained to him, but he re-established his fortunes by the trade which he carried on with the interior of Africa. At length, in the year 45 of the christian era, Numidia became a Roman province. It was governed by Proconsuls, and since the time of Dioclesian by presidents, under the orders of the Vicar at Carthage by the Prefect of the Italian Pretorium, and was placed in the military division of a count, who resided at Hippo Regius (now Bona,) and who had under his command, for the defence of Numidia and the Bizarene [the Tunisiat province of Souza,] 4,800 infantry and 800 cavalry, which were quartered in 16 fortresses or castles. Numidia embraced christianity. But it was afflicted by persecutions, & still more by dissensions, heresies, and schisms by the Donatists and the Arians. The former destroyed the furniture and the houses of the Catholics, they also burnt Cirtha. Between the years 340 and 350 it was rebuilt by the Emperor, Constant, son of Constantine, who gave to it its present name. Its position is formidable, and the Romans had even fortified it with an enclosure of lofty walls, flanked with towers from distance to distance. This enclosure is still in good preservation. In Pliny's time the city rose on a species of promontory, inaccessable on every side except towards the southeast. The town inclined a little to the south, and terminated to the north by a precipice of 60 feet in depth. The view of this side is magnificent, & commands a number of vallies, which were formerly covered with country seats, palaces and Roman villas, numerous vestiges of which still remain. To the east the town is commanded by lofty mountains, formed of a chain of inaccessable rocks. Constantine suffered every species of devastation from the government of the vandals, it however preserved its municipal rights of Roman or Carthagenian origin and lost them only at the period of its conquest by the Arabs, in 659 ; but it was slow in embracing the Mahometan religion, which it adopted only in 710, with Numidia, and the rest of Africa. It at first formed part of the kingdom of Africa, under the dynasty of the Fathemites, till 900. It then passed under the dominion of the Zeyrites, who reigned at Tahurt, and at Asch'yr, over the whole territory of the Eastern Division, which afterwards became the Regency of Algiers. After six hundred years of variable fortune, under Almoravides and the Almohades, Constantine and Numidia fell under the leaden sceptre of Osmanlis in 1558. The cultivation of the soil, which is one of the most fertile of Africa, a numerous & industrious population; the commerce with central Africa, and, in fine, the advantageous position of the capital between the desert and the best part of Belled-el-Gerid (the Date country,) the most fertile province of the kingdom of Tunis, that of Sonza and the country under the dominion of the Divan of Algiers, have given to Constantine, under the predatory and absurd rule of the Turks, a considerable degree of importance. Its most natural commercial cennexions were with Tunis to the East by El Quef and Quayrouan, and by the branches of the chains of the Aoures, and the Meheghalalis; and to the North by the Megerdali and Byzertes, the Hippo Zaristo of the Carthagenians. These connexions disturbed the Divan of Algiers, which declared war with Tunis in 1782 and 1783. Hostilities, without any memorable feat of arms, were followed by the plague in 1784. Both these scourges—war and infection...carried off a number of the inhabitants of this part of Africa. Before 1780 the population of Constantantine amounted to between 40,000 and 45,000 souls. At the present day it is not believed to be more than half this number.'

Many years ago (as the fable says) a vagiant people located themselves in the land of the Nile, and erected their dwellings upon the banks of the river. But they were soon forced to encounter an enemy no less to man than beast. The terrific crocodile rose up to dispute the right of its waters, and the extended plains it fertilizes. In this extremity, they faced their common enemy; the contest was long and bloody. The streams of the Nile were crimsoned with human blood, and the victorious monster held a dreadful repast upon their dying victims. Those who escaped fled to the temple and cried to their God, Osiris, for relief. Tnen the priest stood forth, and said, Osiris hears; for lo! on the banks the ichneumon appears.' Then this little animal in silent security sought out the eggs and brood of the monster, and in a short time effected what a much greater power and force could not. The enemy soon disappeared, and the people obtained the peaceful possession of the land.

If we consider the impotency of the little animal, and the complete conquest it achieved over the crocodile, we shall discover one of those features in natual history which are a source of wonder. But the sequel will show one not less, to the moral world. This crocodile is infidelity, and the system of Sabbath school instruction the ichneumon.—*Gambier Observer.*

For the Missiskoui Standard.

THE FIRE SIDE.—No. 17.

Having shewn, in my preceding papers, that family prayer is an indispensable duty, incumbent on all heads of families, I will endeavor to point out, within a small compass, the manner in which it ought to be performed. All men are not more alike or equal in their talents than they are in complexion, health, strength and stature ; but then every one has some, and for the portion of intellect, capacity, and privileges he has, he is responsible, and in no case for what he has not. We are not required, by a benificent Creator to bring to his altar and service any more than the talents we have in possession. For what we have we are responsible.

With what talents we have of any kind, if we faithfully use them, we have for our encouragement, the promise of divine assistance. 'Ask, and it shall be given ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened.' And while we are required to 'work out our own salvation with fear and trembling,' it is immediately subjoined, 'for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.' Indeed, the labors of the husbandman to co-operate with tho genial showers of heaven, the Sun, and the propitious state of the atmospheric air are not more necessary in the producing of the various fruits of the earth, than the mutual co-operation of divine assistance and human endeavors, in the furthering of our salvation.

The first assistance that we are to seek is that of the Spirit of God. Some of the heathen writers of antiquity were so sensible of the need of divine assistance as to assert that no man could be great or good without the afflatus of the gods. Divine assistance is offered and promised. Why should we not ask it ? Miracles are not to be expected. They are not necessary. If there be first 'a willing mind,' there will be a performance. We have in our hands the Scriptures of truth which are able to make men wise unto salvation.' Perusing them, we not only learn the character of God, his laws, and the nature of his service, but also our own wants, and our grievous transgressions of his Law which require to be confessed, deplored, forsaken and pardoned. If we peruse them with a sincere desire of learning the will of God, and our duty, language suitable for prayer will, as it were, rise spontaneously in the mind in proportion as we become acquainted with our spiritual wants. Every one can tell something about his wants. Let us be awakened to a sense of our manifold sins, and to the need we have of the pardoning mercy of God, through a crucified Saviour, and language capable of expressing our sorrows and our wants will come as matter of course. With no other assistance many persons have, in every age, learned to express themselves decently and readily, not only in private, but also in family prayer.

There are, however, many helps which should neither be despised nor neglected. Devout men have written and published forms, as well as directions for family prayer. I am not aware that there are many denominations of Christians that altogether condemn the use of written forms of devotion at the family altar, because I know that good men of various denominations have written and published forms for the use of pious but unlearned persons, with directions to use them till constant practice should enable them to lay the book aside.

Societies have never, I think, deemed themselves authorised to bind their members, either as individuals in the private recess of the closet, or around the family altar, to any particular method, either with or without forms. They have inculcated the duty, but left their members to express themselves, in their private and family addresses, at the throne of grace, to their own discretion and judgment, respecting the method, whether with or without a form. Public bodies have thus wisely acted : but pious, benevolent individuals among various denominations have published devotional helps, guides, or forms, adapted for individuals in private, and for heads of families, at the fire side. Devotional Books, containing serious exhortations, advice, counsel, admonitions, and forms of private and family prayer can easily be procured. I could easily refer to many productions of this kind, as the works of both churchmen and dissenters, but I will content myself, as my limits are not large, with only one. The present Lord Bishop of Quebec, when he was the resident, laborious minister of St. Armand, more than twenty years ago, published, at his own expense, a large collection of prayers, from a number of eminent authors, and to my knowledge, distributed about three hundred copies of the work gratuitously in these parts of the Eastern Townships. This Book, containing 394 pages, furnishes a very great variety of prayers, adapted to most cases, together with a great quantity of devotional matter, judiciously selected, in the forms of exhortation, counsel, admonition, and directions, suitable to cases of sickness and adversity, to which we are all liable :...to a state of health and prosperity :—to the catechising and instructing of young people ;—to a proper preparing for, and worthy receiving of the Lord's supper. The matter is extracted from authors of acknowledged piety and talents. Had the arrangement been more perfect by classing the prayers so as to make a seleetion for daily use more easy, and some of the devotional matter, good as it certainly is, left out, in case of printing a new edition, it would be difficult to mention any Book of equal value and utility. As it is, after becoming well acquainted with the order of ite arrangement, the selection is far beyond my feeble, but well meant praise, and will be remembered by a future generation, with greater gratitude to the pious and benevolent compiler than he has ever met with in his own day. There are many to whom this volume was given 'without money, and without price.' May they use it, and derive therefrom the spiritual benefit which the most benevolent friend that ever came to the Townships, and the most ardent, indefatigable in his efforts to diffuse happiness both spiritual and temporal, meant it should, through the blessing of God, bestow !

Having arrived at my usual limits I must close and reserve what I meant to say on the manner of performing the duty of family prayer, for the next. It will be very suitable for the commencement of the third volume.

J. R.

MISSISKOUI STANDARD.

FRELIGHSBURG, APRIL 4, 1837.

The present is no time for any who profess to be friends to this distracted Province, and its connexion with the Parent State, to allow themselves to lay down their heads on the pillow of indifference or apathy. Their well paid enemy, & several others of his stamp, are indefatigably at work for our ruin, and for furthering the ambitious strides of our Assembly leaders, to put themselves above the Laws of the Land, and consequently over the heads of all Britons, and those of British descent in the colony, to rule over them, if they can, with a rod of iron. Their language, for a long time, has been insulting and audacious, peremptory and overbearing in the extreme.

The following language is published in the *Westminster Review*, for January last, a periodical in which the paid Member for the City of Bath frequently flourishes, viz.

'An Elective Council must be granted to the people, and the present Legislative Council abolished.

'The whole of the Revenue must be placed entirely under the people of Canada.

'The Judges must be made responsible to the Provincial Legislature, and not to the King.'

Our leaders, in the same peremptory tone, also demand 'the repeal of the Tenures' Act, and the Act creating the British American Land Company ; a complete parliamentary control over the whole of the Lands belonging to the colony.' These are some of the modest and loyal demands of the self-styled Reformers of Lower Canada ! How much, then, do they leave out of their demands that can, in any measure, keep up even the shadow of a connexion with the Parent country ? The revenue is under their control, but they want it '*entirely*,' without the necessity of '*cheerfully*' acceding to their request on the part of any other Branch of the Legislature. The sweeping, exclusive little word '*entirely*. shews the nature and extent of the 'control' which they are openly directing their efforts to obtain, namely, the disposing of the whole revenues of the Province without the consent of either the Legislative Council, or that of the Governor,—to do the whole business of the Legislature and the Executive, by their own uncontrolled and unchecked resolution. They demand 'an Elective council !' What do they mean to do with 'an Elective council,' or any 'Council,' when they avow their determination that 'the whole of the revenue *must be placed entirely* under the control of the people ?' Will they have the generosity to share an entire control with a Council created by their own fiat?

To say no more about the authoritative, imperious character of the little word, 'must,' laid at the door of every demand, they are to have 'a complete Parliamentary control' over the waste lands of the Crown. 'Must,' 'entirely,' 'complete,' as these terms are used, plainly shew that separation from England, and the founding of a Canadian Republic, are the objects of their ambition : because, if the whole revenue is to be placed 'entirely' under their 'control,' and the waste lands completely in their grasp, and the Judges responsible to them alone, what can remain to indicate the faintest shadow of connexion with, and dependence on, England ? Should these dissatisfied ambitious men obtain what they are in quest of, and rise to the top of the ladder, who can promise to himself that the iron rod shall not be brandished over every man, woman and child of either British birth, or British descent in the province ; and that the men of British birth, and of British descent, who have hitherto allowed themselves to be their dupes and blind tools, shall not feel the rod as quickly, and as galling in their flesh, as those who stand firm in their loyalty, allegiance and honor ?

It will not, however, come to this if we are but true to ourselves. John Bull is friendly, generous and confiding, to an extreme degree. The generous old gentleman has yielded, and will yield, much for the sake of quietness, but peremptory demands on all that he has on this distant appanage to his estate will rouse him, and when he is roused in earnest, his wife, who is a very sovereign, imperious Lady, will stand firm by his side. The good old couple will yet protect their children in Canada, and reduce to order those discontented spoiled pets that would seize on this part of their estate.

The extracts which we have given will convince the most incredulous that reform is not the object of self-dubbed reformers, but separation—independence...a presidential chair for Mr. Papineau. Now if any of them are sincere reformers, in the proper sense of the word, they are bound to abandon the faction as being rebels in principle and ready to be so in action, if they dared ; —they are bound to leave them, because they have decoyed them to the verge of rebellion, by the shew of false colors, and mendacious professions ; but how far they may be able to disentangle themselves out of the artful toils is a question that remains to be solved by the event.

LIST OF LETTERS,

Remaining in the Post Office at

FRELIGHSBURG.

1st April, 1837.

T. A. Starke	Peter Schoolcraft
Columbus Scofield	Charles A. Seymour
Mrs. M. A. Whitteker	
Philip Embury	Jonas Abbott Esq.
Samuel Clark Deming	
John Clark	Docter Thompson
Rcbert Smith	William Smith.

J. CHAMBERLIN, *P. M.*

Notice ! ! ! !

The Shareholders to the *Missiskoui Standard Press & Types*, are requested to meet at the *Standard Office*, in Freligshsburg, on SATURDAY, the 8th instant, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

A general attendance is requested.

J. CHAMBERLIN,
OREN J. KEMP.
Missiskoui Standard Office }
3d April, 1837. }

Temperance Notice.

The next Quarterly Meeting of the Freligshsburg Temperance Society, will be held at Trinity Church, in this village, on the first Thursday of next month, (the 6th of April, 1837,) at 4 o'clock, P. M.

A general attendance is solicited.

By order of the President.
S. P. LALANNE, Secretary.
Freligshsburg, 20th March, 1837.

Notice.

THE Copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, under the firm of

Gilmor, Gordon & Co.,

at Granby village, and

Gordon, Gilmor & Co.,

at Abbotsford, was dissolved on 6th February last, by mutual consent. All accounts, relative to said firms, will be settled by

F. C. Gilmor & Co.,

who will continue the Business, at Granby village.

FRANCIS C. GILMOR, }
G. MAITLAND GORDON, }
WILLIAM NEILSON. }
Granby Village, 13th March, 1837.—50—3w

Notice.

PUBLIC Notice is hereby given that the subscriber has been appointed Curator to Geo. Wallace and Gertrude Freligh, his wife, Carlton Freligh and Rodney Freligh, all heretofore residing in the Seigniory of St. Armand, but now absent from the Province. All persons having claims against any of the above named parties are requested to present them without delay, and all those indebted to pay the amount of their respective debts to the subscriber.

GALLOWAY FRELIGH,
Curator.
Bedford, 6th March, 1837. V2—48

Education.

THE Rev. M. TOWNSEND, at the desire of several respectable gentlemen, and with the sanction of 'The Lord Bishop of Montreal' in undertaking the charge of pupils, will open his

FAMILY CLASSICAL INSTITUTION,

on the 1st day of May next, for the Instruction of Boys (over seven years old) and young gentlemen in the various branches of English, French and Classical Education.

For terms, and other details, reference may be had to his prospectus in Hand Bills, or, by letter, to him at his residence.

Clarenceville, L. C., 20th March, 1837.

Notice.

ALL persons are hereby warned against purchasing the East Quarter of Lot No. 14, in the 6th Range of Stanbridge, from Messrs. Allen & Samuel Hungerford, as the Deed thereof to them was obtained by fraud and surprise.

The legal title of the said Land is in the hands of the undersigned.

AARON STALIKER,
THOMAS CAPSEY.
Stanbridge, 9th March, 1837. 51tf.

St. Johns & Troy

STAGE.

A New Line of Stages has commenced running from St. Johns, L. C. to Troy Vt. along the vallies of the Pike and Missiskoui Rivers. At Troy it joins the Boston Line which passes through Barton, Haverill, Concord, and Lowell ; at Barton intersecting the Montpelier, Danville and Stanstead Lines ; the former passing through Hardwick.

This Line will leave St. Johns on Sunday, Wednesday and Friday mornings after breakfast, passing through the Grand Line, Stanbridge, Frelighsburg, Richford, Sutton and Potton, and arrive at Troy the same evening ; and will leave Troy Monday, Thursday, & Saturday mornings at 4 o'clock & arrive at St. Johns, in summer, in time to take the afternoon Rail Road Cars to Montreal, & in winter, passengers will take the St. Johns and Montreal Stage.

The Proprietors, in addition to good Teams, & careful drivers, recommend this route to the public, as being the shortest, levelest, easiest, & most expeditious one, from Boston to Montreal, passing thro' that section of country, which will be taken for the Rail Road, contemplated to connect the two Cities.

FARE—3 Dollars, each way.

J. CLARK, J. BALCH, }
C. ELKINS, A. SEARS, } Proprietors.
H. BORIGHT, H. M. CHANDLER, }
February, 1837.

RAIL-ROAD LINE
OF

Mail Stages

FROM
STANSTEAD-PLAIN
TO
ST. JOHNS.

Messrs. CHANDLER, }
STEVENS, } Proprietors.
CLEMENT & }
TUCK, }

FARE 3 1-2 DOLLARS, [17s 6d.]

LEAVES St. Johns, Wednesday and Saturday mornings, and arrives at Staustead Plain in the evening.

Leaves Stanstead Plain, Tuesday and Friday mornings, and arrives at St. Johns in the evening.

Passengers from Stanstead, may, if they please breakfast in Montreal the next morning. Thus, he advantages of this new line are obvious.

Notice.

THE Subscribers wonld say to their friend and the public, that they are receiving rom New York, a general assortment of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery
& Hardware,

which they offer for sale, at reduced prices for Cash ; or most kinds of Country produce, at their Store in West Berkshire, Vt. Those wishing to make good bargains will do well to call and examne for themselves before purchasing lsewhere.

CHAFFEE & BURLESON.
West Berkshire, Nov. 11th 1836.

Dry Goods ! !

THE Subscribers offer the following articles for sale, at a moderate advance upon the sterling cost, with a view to closing off their stock previous to receiving their Spring importations

Cloths,

of various qualities and colors.

Pilot Cloths, Mohair Coatings,
Paddings, Guernsey Frocks,
Irish Knit 1-2 Hose,

a general assortment of

Hosiery and Gloves,
Buckskins, Flannels,
Cassinets, Moreens,
Shalloons, Merinoes,
Bombazeens, Bombazetts,
Lastings, light and dark fancy
Vestings, Counterpanes,
Hossacks, Gros-de-Naples,
Crapes, Velvets & Velveteens
Ribbons, Sewing Silks & Twists,
Grey Domestic Cotton,
Beetle and Loom Shirtings,
Cotton Ticks, light and dark
Prints, Chalis dress Patterns,
Checked Poplins Silk and
Cotton Umbrellas, Parasols,
Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs,
Apron Checks, two Blue and
Turkey Stripes and Checks,
Britannias and fancy pocket
Handkerchiefs, Bark Silk do.
Cambrics, Jaconets,
Mull and Book Muslins,
Widows Lawn, Plain and
figured Bobbinet, L'Isle and
Bobbinet Laces, Quillings,
Linen and Union drills,
Table Covers, Hats, Braces,
Stocks, Writing Paper,
Sealing Wax, Threads,
Spool Cottons, Buttons
and Cotton Balls.

TERMS—6 months credit on furnishing approved paper.—For a note @ 3 months, 2 1-2 per cent, discount & 5 per cent. allowed for cash ;

MITTLEBERGER & PLATT.
Montreal, 21st Dec., 1836. V2 39—6w

SOLITUDE.

To love and live for one alone,
From earth's dark trammels free ;
To see no form except that one,
Which most we wish to see ;
To strive the lonely hour to bless,
Cheered though by gratitude,
The heart that feels no loneliness,
This is not—*Solitude.*

But when we view the desert home,
The *lov'd one* far away,
And count the lingering days to come,
And mourn o'er the delay ;
Watch for the well known steps—to hear
A *stranger* foot intrude ;
Then dash away the starting tear—
This—This is *Solitude.*

To wander through the festive scene,
With souls but ill at ease ;
To stay where lighter hearts have been,
And mark at thoughts like these ;
To look for one 'mid those around,
Would glad our mournful mood,
Then start from mirth's distracting sound,
This—This is *Solitude.*

Tread we the georgeous halls of State
When all we love are by ;
We then can gaze on rich and great
Without an envious sigh :
The selfsame scene the eye surveys,
With other feelings viewed,
We mingle in the mirthful maze
No longer Solitude ;

To lands where foot had never trod,
Were it our fate to roam,
Still 'tis the heart that gilds the scene,
The heart that gilds the home.
Our path may be the wilderness,
But still by joy persued,
The one loved hand we press
And find no *Solitude.*

CONIGUNDA & HER LOVERS.

Mr. Russel, in describing the Schneekoppe, a high mountain in Selisa, introduces the following story.

On a scanty and bold projection of the rock stand the ruins of the Kienast, so separated on all sides from the body of the mountain by precipitous dells, except where a narrow ledge on the south, connects it with the rising hill, that the rising of a draw bridge must have rendered it utterly inaccessible. Enough of the outer wall still remains, to preserve the memory of the fair Conigunda, equally celebrated for her charms and her cruelty. She was the daughter & heiress of the Lord of the Kienast, and the most blooming of Selesian beauties. Her wealth & beauty attracted crowds of knightly wooers to her father's castle ; but the maiden, like another Camilla, was entirely devoted to the boisterous chase, in which she excelled many of her suiters. She would listen to no tale of love, and dreaded marriage as she did prison. At length, to free herself from all importunities, she made a solemn vow, never to give her hand but to the knight who should ride round the castle wall. Now this wall is not only too narrow to furnish a secure or pleasing promenade in any circumstances, but throughout nearly its whole course, it runs along the very bringe of hideous precipices, and, in one place, hangs over a frightful abyss, which till this day bears the name of Hell. The number of the lady's lovers rapidly diminished. The most prudent wisely considered that the prize was not worth the risk ; the vain proposed themselves to the trial, in the hope that their presence would modify Conigunda's heart, and procure a dispensation from the hard condition ; but the mountain beauty was proof against all arts, and when the moment of danger came, the courage of the suiter generally gave way. History has not recorded the precise number of those who actually made the attempt : it is only certain, that every one of them broke his neck, (as he well deserved,) and the lady lived on in her wild virgin independence.

At length, a young and handsome knight appeared at the castle gate, and requested to be admitted to the presence of its mistress, that he might try his fortune. Conigunda received him, and her hour was come. His manly beauty, the courtesy of his behaviour, and his noble spirit, made her repent, for the first time, of the price which she had set upon her hand. Having received, in the presence of the inmates of the castle, her promise to become his bride, if he should return in safety from the trial, he rode forth to the wall, accompanied by the tears and wishes of the repentant beauty. In a short time a shout from the menials announced that the adventure had been achieved ; and Conigunda, exulting that she was conquered, hastened into the court which the triumphant knight was just entering, to meet his ardent caresses. But the knight stood aloof, gloomy and severe. 'I can claim you,' said he, 'but I am come and have risked my life, not to win your hand, but to humble your pride and punish your barbarity'—and thereupon he read a harsh lecture on the cruelty and arrogance of her conduct towards her suiters. The spirit of chivalry weeps at recording, that he finished his oration by giving the astonished beauty a box on the ear, sprung into his saddle, and galloped forth from the gate. It was the Landgrave Albert of Thurningia, already a married man, and who had long trained his favorite steed to this perilous exercise.—The memory of the ulterior fate of Conigunda has not survived.

A SKETCH.

A great and powerful king had a sister distinguished for extreme personal beauty, for great powers and cultivation of mind, and for a most amiable and benevolent disposition. She was remarkable, also, for proficiency in those accomplishments which throw such additional charms over female beauty and intellect. In music, especially, she took excessive pleasure, and possessed extreme skill.—She was the favorite of her brother, and was regarded with all that consideration which such favor gives in an absolute court. Youth, beauty, talent, feeling, power—all seemed joined to shower roses in her path, to give to it all happiness.

But this was not to last. *A* young nobleman appeared at the court, who soon attracted universal attention. Peculiarly fitted to shine in such scenes, it was not long before his *success* (to use the word in its French signification) became great and undoubted. Among others, the princess admired the young courtier, and, soon she loved him. Their mutual affection was what might be expected between two young persons of fiery passions, and habits of little self-control. It did not, therefore, remain long unperceived. The young man was advised to withdraw himself—but all such cautions were vain to youthful and favored passion. He remained.—At last he was seized and imprisoned, and, after various escapes, was finally thrown into a dungeon, where he was totally cut off from all communication with the world, to which he was as if he had never been. During his first imprisonment, the princess had contrived to convey to him her assurances of continued affection, and every alleviation which wealth could furnish to his lot,—but after he was removed to the last place of his confinement, it was as if the tomb had closed over him forever.

Let us shift the scene, and we see a woman tottering in premature old age, her limbs have nearly lost their power ; she can scarcely crawl the length of her room, and she cannot lift the one hand without the help of the other to raise it. Her eyes are distended, forced from their sockets, and nearly blind. Her voice is gone, and with it her fondness of the art to which it gave so much effect and beauty. Her mind is equally altered. Her mildness is changed into the bitterest sarcasm.—From one of the most benevolent of human beings, she has come to take delight only in the indulgence of a severity of temper amounting almost to rancour.

She is seated in her chamber. The door opens, and a man enters. He is old and decrepid. His hair is snow-white, his form is bent nearly double,—

——— ——— ——— there came
A worn-out man, with withered limbs and lame,
His mind oppressed with woes & bent with age
his frame,

It is her lover. His hair has been whitened by intense and continued suffering, rather than by the work of time ; his body has been doubled by the weight of iron which it bore for ten years. He was for that time in solitary confinement, loaded with heavy chains, and scrupulously debarred from the slightest mitigation of his condition, physical or mental. The tyrant is dead, and the lovers may meet. How would they have recognized each other ? The gay cavalier, flushed with the pride of youthful beauty and general admiration, brilliant in his present fortune, and anticipating still higher destiny ; and the young princess, the lovely, the gifted, the worshipped—happy in the affection of the man she loved, and high in hope of its ultimate crowning and accomplishment—these are now old, broken in health and in heart, and dropping into the grave through the accumulation of all earthly misery. It is their first, their last, their only meeting. In this awful hour, (for so may it indeed be called,) woman's resolution like woman's love proves superior to that of man. He has married during the long years of his banishment. She inquires concerning his children, their age, their name. She asks the gift of one of them—one to be a daughter to her heart, to give her the feelings of a mother towards *his* child.—They weep together. They part to see each other no more.

This story is no fiction. It is one so well known, that it is scarcely necessary to add that the Princess Amelia of Prusia, sister of Frederic called the Great, and the Baron Trenck, are the hero and the heroine of the piece.

Lucretia Grenville.—This exalted female was betrothed to Francis, Duke of Buckingham, at the time that he fell in battle by the hand of Cromwell himself, and upon receiving intelligence of the melancholy event, she swore to avenge his death on the murderer.—During the three successive years, she exercised herself with pistols in firing at a portrait of Cromwell, which she had selected as a mark, that she might not be awed by the sight of the original ; as soon as she found herself perfect, she sought an opportunity to gratify her revenge. But Cromwell seldom appeared in public, and when he did, it was with such precaution, that but few could approach his person.

An occasion at length accurred.—The city of London resolved to give a magnificent banquet in honor of the Protector, who, either from vanity, or with a political view, determined to make his entrance into London in the splendor of royalty. Upon this being made public, the courtesy of all ranks was excited ; and Lucretia Grenville resolved not to lose so favorable an opportunity. Fortune herself seemed to second her purpose; for it so happened, that the procession was appointed to proceed through the very street in which she resided, and a balcony before the first story yielded her full scope for putting her long premeditated design into effect.

On the appointed day she seated herself, with several other female companions in the balcony, having on this occasion, for the first time since her lover's death, cast off her mourning, attired herself in the most sumptuous apparel. It was not without great exertion that she concealed the violent emotion under which she labored ; and when the increasing pressure of the crowd indicated the approach of Cromwell, it became so strong that she nearly fainted; but, however, recovering just as he arrived within a few paces of the balcony.

Hastily drawing the pistols from under her garments, she fearlessly took her aim and fired ; but a sudden start which the lady who sat next to her made, on beholding the weapon, gave it a different direction than was intended, and the ball striking the horse rode by Henry the Protector's son, it was laid dead at his feet.

The circumstance immediately arrested the progress of the cavalcade ; and Cromwell, at the same time that he cast a fierce look at the balcony beheld a singular spectacle. About twenty females were on their knees, imploring his mercy with uplifted hands, whilst one only stood undaunted in the midst of them, and looking down contemptuously on the Usurper, exclaimed, 'Tyrant ! it was I who dealt the blow ; nor should I be satisfied with killing a horse instead of a tiger, were I not convinced that before another twelve months has elapsed, Heaven will grant another that success which it has denied to me !'

The multitude, actuated more by fear than by love, was prepared to level the house to the ground, when Cromwell cried aloud, with the most artful *sang froid,* 'Desist, my friends ! alas, poor woman, she knows not what she does,' and pursued his course : but afterwards caused Lucretia to be arrested and confined in a mad house.

Curran's Ingenuity.—A farmer attending a fair with a hundred pounds in his pocket took the precaution of depositing it in the hands of the landlord of the public house at which he stopped. Having occasion for it shortly afterwards, he resorted to mine host for the bailment; but the landlord, too deep for the countryman, wondered what hundred was meant, and was quite sure that no such sum had ever been lodged in his hands by the astonished rustic. After ineffectual appeals to the recollection, and finally to the honor Bardolph, the farmer applied to *Curran* for advice. 'Have patience, my friend,' said the counsel ; 'speak to the landlord civilly, and tell him you are convinced you must have left your money with another person. Take a friend with you, and lodge with him another hundred in the presence of your friend, and then come to me.' We must imagine and not commit to paper the vociferations of the honest dupe at such advice ; however, moved by the rhetoric or authority of the worthy counsel, he followed it, & returned to his legal friend. 'And now, sir, I don't see as I'm to be better off for this, if I get my second hundred back again. But how is that to be done ?'—'Go and ask him for it, when he is alone,' said the counsel. '*Ah,* sir, but asking won't do. Ize afraid, without my witness, at any rate.'—'Never mind—take my advice,' said the counsel ; 'do as I bid you, and return to me.'—The farmer returned with his hundred, glad at any rate to find that safe in his possession. 'Now, sir, I suppose I must be content ; but I don't see as I'm much better off.' 'Now, then, take your friend with you and ask for the hundred pounds your friend saw you leave with him.' The wily landlord was taken off his guard, and the honest countryman returned exultingly, with both hundreds in his pockets.

TERMS.

Ten shillings currency per year, payabl at the end of six months. If paid in advance 1s. 3d. will be deducted. If delayed to the close of the year 1s. 3d. will be added for every six months delay. Grain and most kinds of produce taken in payment.

To mail subscribers the postage will be charged in addition.

No paper discontinued, except at the discretion of the publishers, until arrears are paid.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Six lines and under, two shillings for the firs insertion, and 6d. for every subsequent insertion.

Above six lines and not exceeding ten, two shillings and nine pence; every subsequent insertion seven pence half penny.

Above ten lines, 3d per line for the first insertion, and one penny for each subsequent insertion.

A liberal discount to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements not otherwise ordered will be inserted till forbid in writing and charged accordingly.

STANDARD AGENTS,

Daniel Campbell, Pigeon-hill.
Elihu Crossett, St. Armand.
Dr. H. N. May, Philipsburg.
Galloway Freligh, Bedford.
Capt. Jacob Ruiter, Nelsonville, Dunham.
Albert Barney, P. M., Churchville.
Jacob Cook, P. M., Brome.
P. H. Knowlton, Brome.
Samuel Wood, M. P. P., Farnham.
Whipple Wells, Farnham.
Henry Boright, Sutton.
William Davis, Stanbridge Ridge.
Maj. Isaac Wilsey, Henrysburg.
Henry Wilson, La Cole.
Levi A. Coit, Potton.
Capt. John Powell, Richford, Vermont.
Nathan Hale, Troy.
Albert Chapman, Caldwells' Manor.
Horace Wells, Henryville,
Allen Wheeler, Noyan,
Capt. Daniel Salls, parish of St. George.
E. M. Toof, Burlington, Vt. t
Thos Bartlett, jun., East part o Sutton.
William Keet, Parish St. Thomas.

Persons, wishing to become Subscribers to the Missiskoui Standard, will please leave their names with any of the above Agents, to whom also, or at the office in Frelighsburg, *all payments must be made.*

NEW YORK & MONTREAL

FURS!

Otter, South Sea Seal, Nutre, Seal and Jenett Caps, Boas, Ruffs, Tippets, Jenett Collars and Gloves, Buffalo Robes, &c. &c. &c., for sale by

W. W. SMITH.

Missiskoui Bay, Dec. 6th, 1836. V2—35

2,000 Menots
Lisbon Salt !

in fine condition, just Landed from on board the Schooner *Malvina*—likewise a quantity of blown SALT, —ALSO— a heavy Stock of general

Merchandize,

and for sale Wholesale & Retail by

W. W. SMITH.

Missiskoui Bay, 23d Nov., 1836. V2—35t

REV. H. N. DOWNS
Vegetable Balsamic

ELIXIR;

FOR

Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, Croup, Catarrh, Asthma, Whooping Cough, and all diseases of the Chest and Lungs.

PRICE 75 CENTS.

Sold wholesale by the Proprietor, at Georgia Vt. and by J. CURTIS, Druggist, St. Albans, Vt. wholesale Agent, and Joint Proprietor,—where all orders at wholesale or retail, will mee with immediate attention.

A few bottles of this invaluable medicine may be had of Munson & Co. Missiskoui Bay, Beardsly and Goodnow, Henryville, Samuel Maynard Dunham, and Levi Kemp, St. Armand.

NEW STORE
AND

New Firm!

THE subscribers have taken the store at Cooksville, St. Armand, formerly occupied by Geo. Cook, Esq., where they have just receiv ed a new assortment of Goods, consisting of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Crockery
and Hardware,
Salt, Glass, Nails, etc. etc.

and almost every article called for in a country Store. The above goods will be sold at very reduced prices. The Public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves.

Ashes and most kinds of Produce received in exchange for Goods at fair prices.

A. & H. ROBERTS.

Cooksville, Dec. 6, 1836.

SALT!

500 Bushels St. Ubes SALT
general assortment of

Dry Goods,

Groceries, Hardware,
Crockery, Iron, Nails,
Oil, Glass, &c. &c.,

Just received and for sale by

RUSSELL & ROBERTS.

Just Received,

30 chests Y. H. Tea
25 do. H. S. do
15 do. Souchang do
10 do. Hyson do.
25 Bags Rio Coffee,
25 Kegs Tobacco,
15 Boxes Saunders Cavendish do.
6 Kegs Ladies Twist do.
20 Bags Pepper and Pimento,
40 Matts Capia,
2 Tons Trinedad Sugar,
2,000 Wt. Double Refined Loaf Sugar,

and a variety of articles not enumerated, for sal by W. W. SMITH.

Dec. 6, 1836. V2—35t

Cash for Wool!

NOTICE

IS hereby given that two shillings currency per pound will be paid at the Factory of the British American Land Company at Sherbrooke, for clean native Wool, average quality, the produce of the Eastern Townships.

Sherbrooke, May 10, 1736. V—7t

Card.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the inhabitants of Philipsburg and its vicinity that he still continues the

Tailoring

business in its various branches at his old stand Day Street.

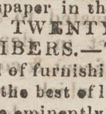
Having made arrangements to receive the latest Northern and Southern FASHIONS, and from the superior quality and low price of Cloths, and first rate workmanship, the public will find at his stand inducements seldom to be met with ; and, in returning his thanks for past favors, he hopes by unremitted attention, to secure a continuance of them.

Cutting done in the most approved style, at the shortest notice, for which nothing but *Cash* will be received.

DANIEL FORD.

Philipsburg, June 21, 1836. V2.11—1y.

For Sale,



AN Excellent FARM, situated upon the main road, in the flourishing Township of Farnham, adjoining the residence of Samuel Wood, Esquire, M. P. P. The farm is advantageously situated, and contains 200 acres of land—one half under good improvement, upon which there is a dwelling house, and two new barns have been recently erected with a small shed attached to one of them. Title indisputable—terms liberal. For further particulars enquire of Dr. Chamberlin, of the village of Frelighsburg, or the undersigned proprietor.

SARAH WINCHESTER.

Dunham, 3d Sept., 1836. V. 222, 12w

26,000 SUBSCRIBERS!

PHILADFLPHIA MIRROR

THE splendid patronage awarded to the Philadelphia Saturday Courier, induces the editors to commence the publication, under the above title, of a quarto edition of their popular journal, so long known to be the largest Family Newspaper in the United States, with a list of near TWENTY SIX THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS.—The new feature recently introduced of furnishing their readers with new books with the best of literature of the day, having proved so eminently successful, the plan will be continued. Six volumes of the celebrated writings of Captain Marryatt, and sixty-five of Mr. Brooks valuable letters from Europe, have already been published without interfering with its news and and miscellaneous reading. The Courier is the largest and cheapest family newspaper ever issued in this country, containing articles in Literature Science and Arts; Internal improvement; Agriculture; in short ever variety of topics usually introduced into a public journal. Giving full accounts of sales, markets, and news of the latest dates.

It is published at the low price of 2 dollars. For this small sum subscribers get valuable and entertaining matter, each week enough to fill a common book of 200 pages, and equal to 52 volumes a year, and which is estimated to be read, weekly, by at least two hundred thousand people, scattered in all parts of the country, from Maine to Florida, and from the sea board to the Lakes. The paper has been so long established as to render it too well known to require an extended prospectus, the publishers, will do no more than refer to the the two leading daily political papers of opposite politics. The Pennsylvanian says... 'The Saturday Courier is the largest, and one of the best family newspapers in the Union ;' the other, the enquirer and Daily Courier, says, 'it is the largest journal published in Philadelphia, and one of the very best in the United States.' The New York Star says we know of nothing more liberal on the part of the Editors, and no means more efficacious to draw out the dormant talents of our country, than their unexampled liberality in offering literary prizes.

The Albany Mercury of March 30th, 1836 says, 'the Saturday Courier, is decidedly the best Family Newspaper ever published in this or any other country, and its value is duly appreciated by the public, if we may judge from its vast circulation, which exceeds 25,000 per week ! Its contents are agreeably varied, and each number contains more really valuable 'reading matter' than is published in a week in any daily paper in the Union.—Its mammoth dimensions enable its enterprising proprietors, Messrs. Woodward & Clarke of Philadelphia, to re-publish in its columns, in the course of the year, several of the most interesting new works that issue from the British press, which cannot fail to give to it a permanent interest, and render it worthy of preservation. To meet the wishes, therefore of such of their subscribers as desire to have their numbers bound, they have determined on issuing an edition of the Courier in the Quarto form, which will render it much more convenient for reading when it is bound in a volume, and thus greatly enhance its value.'

TEE QUARTO EDITION.

Under the title of the *Philadelphia Mirror,* will commence with the publication of the Prize Tale, to which was awarded the prize of one hundred dollars, written by Miss Leslie, editor of the splendid Annual the Token, and author of Pencil Sketches and other valuable contributtons to Americhn Literature. A large number of songs, poems, tales, &c. offered in competition for the 500 dollars premiums, will add value and interest to the succeeding numbers, which will also be enriched by a story from Miss Sedgewick, author of Hope Leslie, The Linwoods, &c., whose talents have been so justly and extensively appreciated, both at home and abroad.

This approved FAMILY NEWSPAPER is entirely neutral in religious and political matter, and the uncompromising opponent of quackery of every kind.

MAPS.

In addition to all of which the publishers intend furnishing their patrons with a series of engraved Maps, embracing the twenty-five States of the Union, &c exhibiting the situation, &c. of rivers, towns, mountains, lakes, the sea board, internal improvements, as displayed in canals, rail roads &c., with other interesting and useful features, roads distances, &c. forming a complete Atlas for general use and information, handsomely executed, and each distinct map on a large quarto sheet at an expense which nothing but the splendid patronage which for six years past has been so generously extended to them, could warrant.

TERMS.

The Philadelphia Saturday Courier is still continued in its large form at the same price as heretofore. The Philadelphia Mirror being a quarto edition of the Saturday Courier, with its increased attractions, and printed on the best fine white white paper of the same size as the New York Albion, will be put at precisely one half the price of that valuable journal, viz; Three dollars per annum, payable in advance, (including the Maps.)

WOODWARD & CLARKE.
Philadelphia.